

Fifteen Minutes

by greeneyes

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Summary: Scream 2 in Cotton's POV...im a Cotton/Sidney pusher,
btw!

Fifteen Minutes

Title: 15 Minutes
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Feedback: I'll love you forever.
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Rating: Umm...PG13? I dont know.
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Summery: Part of SCREAM 2 from Cotton's POV. Oh, btw: im a
Sidney/Cotton person. Challenge fic.
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Notes: sorry if this isnt all that great. but its 1:41am and
i've had writters block lately. Im a good writer, usually.

>
Disclaimer: Cotton's charactor isnt mine. Neither is the other
SCREAM 2 charactors or the plot line. The only thing thats mine is
what i *thought* went thru Cotton's mind during this film. So dont
sue. Im only 17 and im broke anyways. What are you gunna sue me for?
My Lance Bass posters? You'd have to kill me first. LOL :-)

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><br>"Most people are ok with it. Some people kinda keep their  
distance, which is weird for me cuz i've always been sort of a people  
person."

><br>Cotton smiled warmy at the audience as the interview wraped up.  
CURRENT EDITION. He was finally getting the recongnition he deserved.  
3 years ago, he thought his life was over when Sidney Prescott sent  
him to prison for murdering her mother. It was, of course, something  
he didnt do. He knew Sidney's mother, Maureen, in the biblical sense,  
but he would never kill her. Or anyone else for that matter.

><br>Cotton frowned as he thought back to the time he spent in  
prison. No one believed him. Except Gale. Gale. A small smile formed  
on his handsome face as he thought about all she's done for him. She

wrote not one, but two books that both had spoken about his innocence. She stood by him. And for that, he was grateful.

><br>-----

><br>"Cotton! Over here!"

><br>Cotton smiled and headed over to Gale. He was decked out in a suit and tie, looking good. He gave Gale the once over and slightly rolled his eyes at Gale's attempt at recapturing her youth with red streaks through her dark hair. Dont get me wrong. She wasnt \*old\*, but she wasnt young either. He thought streaks were for kids. Teenagers who drink and smoke and have sex on the couch while their parents are at work. And not that it didnt look good on her either. He just thought she shouldnt try so hard.

><br>"Hey Gale. Where is she?"

><br>"Over here. Follow us." She led him and Joel (the camera man) to the middle of a clearing on campus. He stood behind Joel waiting for his cue.

><br>"Hello Sidney" he heard Gale say

><br>"Gale...hi...what are you doing here?" he heard Sidney's reluctant reply.

><br>"Well i was wondering if i could get just a few words with you." Gale motioned for Joel to move aside and Cotton stepped forward, grinning.

><br>"Cotton..." he grinned a little more at Sid's shocked look and voice.

><br>"Hey Sid." he said softly, looking into her eyes. Gale started speaking, but he didnt hear much of it. Just a word here and there. He didnt know why, but he didnt feel hate for this girl who locked him up so long ago. In fact, he realized he kind of missed the little chit. She was beautiful and smart (except for that mishap...but...).

><br>"What the hell are you doing?" he snapped out of his trance when he heard Sidney's angry voice.

><br>"We want to know what you think." Gale replied.

><br>"Sidney, i'd just like to say that i forgive and forget and just like you, i'd like to move on with me life." Cotton glimpsed at the camera as he finished his sentence, smiling wide for the viewers.

><br>"You bitch!!"

><br>Cotton's smile faded as Sidney's fist connected with Gale's jaw. She stumbled backward and he caught her, lifting her back to her feet quickly. He hastily pushed her aside and watched Sidney's retreating back.

><br>He panicked. "Gale, where is she going?? Sidney!! Gale, whats going on? I thought we had an offical interview. you mean she didnt know??"

><br>"Man, that was cold." Joel said, shaking his head.

><br>Gale glared. "Hey, you need to check your conscience at the door, sweetie. We're not here to be loved."

><br>Cotton felt a headache coming on. "You promised me 10 minutes of air time."

><br>"You'll get your 10 minutes when i get my God damn interview!" Gale yelled, then turned and started to walk away.

><br>"Gale!!! Dont walk away from me!! Gale! I did my part!" When Cotton saw she wasnt coming back, he sighed and walked the opposite direction. Angry. He needed some asprin.

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><br>Cotton grumpled from his spot on the bed as the phone rang. He reached over and grabed the reciever. "Hello?"

><br>"Hello, is this Cotton Weary?"

><br>"Yes.."

><br>"Oh Good Morning, Mr Weary. This is Diane Sowyer..."

><br>"What?"

><br>"I said this is Diane Sowyer."

><br>"Ohmigod. Good morning Ms Sowyer!! What can i do for you??" He asked, suddenly very awake.

><br>"Well, i have an offer for you. If you can get Sidney Prescott to come on the show with you, we'll give you the \*entire\* hour. How does that sound?"

><br>Cotton nearly dropped the phone. He couldnt believe this. Diane Sawyer. An

>entire<br>hour

>of national television! But wait. What was that about Sid? Shit! Sid doesnt do interviews. <br>

>"I'll see what i can do...." he replied, wondering how he was gunna pull this one off.<br>

>"Ok, here's where you can reach me....."<br>

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>He knew she was here. He saw her come in here. Now to figure out the best way to approach her....perfect. Cotton watched as she was being escorted against a wall near the stairwell where he had been sitting. He peered over the corner at Sidney.<br>

>"Hey Sid, you ok? Can i talk to you for a sec?" he asked, concerned about the ordeal she was going through, but wanting to get this over with.<br>

>"Cotton, this is not a good time."<br>

>He chuckled, suddenly bitter, as he took ahold of her elbow and pulled her to the stairs. He took her place at the opening, blocking her from view. <br>

>"You sent me to prison. I've waited over a year for you, i think you can give me 5 minutes." he said, checking over his shoulder.<br>

>"Im sorry. A hundred times im sorry. I dont know how i can keep apologizing to you." she said, overwhelmed with guilt.<br>

>He waved her apology off as he checked over his shoulder again.

"Dont. Look, ok, first of all. Forget Gale Weathers. She doesnt see the story between us. She wouldnt see a story if it smacked her aside the head, i mean, have you read that book? I was sitting at home and guess who calls me out of the blue, but Diane Sawyer. Believe me Sid, i was as shocked as you are. But she says, if we go on together, she'll give us the entire hour! Can you imagine?? You, me, and Diane Sawyer! We're talking Primetime here! This could be some very heavy exposé."<br>

>Cotton placed his hands on her shoulders and felt a surge of electricity run through him. He wondered if she felt it too. When she glared up at him with the 'touch me again, i'll kill you' look, he figured not and quickly removed his hands.<br>

>"Sorry."<br>

>"Look, Cotton. With the movie and the book, people know the truth. There's already been enough exposé, why would you want any more?" Sid tried to step around him to leave, but he wasnt through yet, and blocked her path.<br>

>"why? I dont know Sid, maybe because i fucking deserve a little exposé!" he raised his voice slightly, angry, and started to move forward, causing Sid to start to step down the stairs. "I mean, you drag my name through the mud, everyone thinks im so sort of psycho killer and all im asking is for a little fucking Diane Sawyer

interview! I-I-I dont think im being unresonable in that request, Sidney. Do you? Really?"<br>

>"Im sorry, Cotton, but..no."<br>

>"Oh...your sorry. I bet your real sorry." he voice turned cold and Sid stepped around him and went up the stairs to leave, he grabbed her arm roughly. "Thats such a good angle Sidney...."<br>

>Sid sighed in frustration and pulled her arm away, walking away swiftly. Cotton wasnt about to just let her walk away from him like that. "Loveable and fucked up Sidney Prescott!!! Everybody's favorite little victem!!!" he yelled, he was cut off however as he was shoved against the wall by one of the detectives guarding Sid. "Ow!"<br>

>Not again. Thats all he could think as he was being handcuffed. He started pleading with Sid to help him. "Sid!! C'mon! Im not Billy Loomis! You killed him! He's dead! Remember!"<br>

>However it was all in vain as he was escorted out of the library and into the back of the police car. <br>On the ride to the police station, he thoughts turned back to Sidney. The little chit had managed to get him arrested again. He had bad luck with her. What did he expect though? And why did he care so much? He hated her, but at the same time, he looked forward to looking into those big brown eyes again. Women. Too much trouble, yet he couldnt live without them.

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><br>"Run it by me one more time, will ya? Why did you attack Sidney Prescott?"

><br>Attack? He was shocked. To have someone think he would attack her...."There was no attack! We were talking. Very heatedly. Ms Prescott and I...have a very complicated past. I didnt think that was a crime."

><br>"No, but homicide is."

><br>He chuckled. Shit. Not again. "Then book me! Book me! Ok, i dont know about homicide, but you definatly got me for raising my voice in a public library!" he cracked, trying to lighten the mood a bit.

><br>"We're talking about 4 muders here...you watch your mouth!"

><br>The smile was off his face in no time. He closed his eyes, feeling another headache coming on. Seemed to be happening alot these days. "May i please remind everyone here that i am an innocent man? Dont you watch TV? Current Edition? That was a very insightful program on which it was made abunently clear that i am an innocent man! So until you find me standing over a dead body with a knife in my hand, you better treat me with the same rights according to every innocent person in the country!! Is there some problem with the word 'innocent'? I know, thats a big one...cheif?"

><br>He didnt fail to notice the chuckle that the cheif had tried to stifle as he opened the door and walked out. The detective shook his head and stood. "you can go now."

><br>Cotton sighed and left the office, walking up to the front desk where he signed his release form.

>He glanced over his left shoulder and saw Gale standing there, with an angry expression on her face.<br>

>"Gale! Enjoying the show? Cops are funny."<br>

>"What do you think your doing?"<br>

>"Waiting for my 15 minutes of fame. You can understand that, cant you?"<br>

>She stepped towards him. "Dont do anything stupid, Cotton."<br>

>He smiled bitterly. "You were so instrumental in my freedom...your not having character doubts now, are you?"<br>  
>He spotted Sidney at a nearby table, crying, and his heart dropped. But he recovered quickly and walked over to her, placing a card with his number on it in front of her.<br>  
>"Sidney, if you change your mind." thats all he could get out before the cheif pulled him away. He exited the building and smiled as he saw the huge mass of reporters.<br>  
>"Cotton!! Have you offically been released?"<br>  
>"its all just been a huge misunderstanding. Just a second. Gale, how bout a photo? You look great. No? Ok."<br>

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>Cotton sighed as he thought of Sidney. Poor girl. She's been through so much. Well, so had he. But at least people werent always trying to kill \*him\*. As he sat there, he realized he hadnt seen Sidney truely happy. He cant remember happy, anyways. Her eyes were always rimmed with tears and a look of greif and sadness on her face. He wanted to see her happy. But he didnt know how. I mean, even after this thing is over, how could he convince her to let him into her life. Well, he \*was\* techinically in her life. But he wanted a better role. Not the man who slept with her mother and then got sent to prison for her death then hounded Sid a few years later. No, that wouldnt do at all. Suddenly, a thought occured to him. While he was at the police station, he had over heard that they were taking Sidney away tonight. But maybe....just maybe...he could get down there before they took her and see her off. And apoligize? Maybe.<br>  
>Cotton smiled and stood, walking out the door and down the street. The campus wasnt far from where he was staying. If he hurried, he could make it. In the distance, he could make out the college lecture building. What? What was that?? Cotton squinted his eyes and 2 figures came into focus. Curious, Cotton forgot Sidney and his "mission" and went to the lecuter building instead.<br>

>Holy.....this place was huge! It would take forever to find them. He sighed and started to walk the around the big building, trying every door knob on the way. Some time and several locked doors later, he came upon a sound proof room with the door slightly open.  
Hmmm....<br>

>He went inside and glanced around. <br>

>Ohmigod....."Dewey!"<br>

>He ran over to a bloody Dewey. "Oh God, Dewey. What the fuck?"<br>

>He tried to stop the bleeding by putting his hand over the wound. But his actions were in vain. He was too late. Cotton closed his eyes. "Im so sorry buddy. Rest in peace."<br>

>Cotton stood, now covered in Dewey's blood and walked out of the room and ran smack into Gale. Both of them screamed before they realized who the other was. "Gale.."<br>

>He watched Gale's eyes grow wide and she backed away, in fear. "Get away from me!"<br>

>"No! This isnt what it looks like! I found Dewey! I tried to help him, but he's dead." he hastily tried to explain but Gale turned and ran. "NO! Wait!! Please!! Gale!!!"<br>

>Cotton cursed silently and left the building, seeing Gale in the distance with another woman, walking toward the theatre. He followed slowly, hoping to be able to get Gale alone and explain before he was in another whole mess of trouble. He decided to stop and clean himself up, though, before someone \*else\* saw him and got the wrong

idea.<br>

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>All cleaned up, he walked into the theatre, hoping to find Gale.  
<br>

>Ohmigod.....<br>

>He took the scene in before him. Debbie Salt, the local reporter who wanted him to get his 15 minutes was about to kill....his Sidney. Anger rushed through him as he sneaked his way toward the stage and grabbed an abandoned gun and shot up at the ceiling, grabbing the attention of both of the women. <br>

>"Dont you fucking move!!" Cotton yelled at Debbie. But despite his words, she got up and grabbed Sid for a human sheild, knife to her throat. "God damnit!!" he jumped up onto the stage, still pointing the gun at Debbie.<br>

>"Cotton! thank god." he heard Sidney say softly, a smile threatend to find its way to his lips, but the feeling passed quickly.<br>

>"Look, i've had a very bad day and i would like to know what the fuck is going on. Sidney?"<br>

>"Cotton, meet Mrs Loomis. Billy's mother. She's the killer." came her reply.<br>

>Cotton was circling them and bumped into a dead body. "Who's that??"<br>

>"Mickey. The other killer."<br>

>Cotton chuckled slightly and moved on. "Oook.."<br>

>"Look, Cotton.." Sidney started, but he cut her off quickly.<br>

>"Shut up!!" he turned his attention to 'Debbie' "So, uh, hi! So, uh, your not Debbie Salt, huh? From the Post Telegraph?"<br>

>"No, but i can still help you Cotton." 'Debbie' replied.<br>

>"Uh-huh..."<br>

>"Come on. You dont need her. Let me kill her! Then your the only survivor! Your the star! Thats what you really want isnt it? She sent you to prison for a year!!!!!! Personally, i think its rather poetic."<br>

>Cotton lowered his gun slightly as her words touched a nerve. Sidney broke him out of his thoughts. "No, no, Cotton, dont you listen to her!"<br>

>He chuckled. "Oh Im listening.Quite a predictiment your in, Sid. I mean, she brings up a good point." He looked Sidney in the eye. "I bet that Diane Sawyer interview is looking pretty good right about now, huh?"<br>

>Sidney winced as she swallowed her pride. "Consider it done."<br>

>As soon as the words left her mouth, Cotton fired the gun. He had it pointed right where it had to be. He had no intention of letting 'Debbie' kill her. He cared for her too much. He just figured he might want to get something out of this as well. But he knew he would have helped her even if she hadnt agreed. He watched both women fall back, Sidney sitting up quickly and looking up at him with grateful eyes. <br>

>"Whoa....that was....intense." Cotton stood there, still stunned at both the way it feels to shoot someone and the how Sid was 5 times more beautiful with something other than sadness in her eyes. Sid stood and walked toward him. He panicked, hoping she wouldnt hold what he said against him. "Look, Sid. I just want you to know that i would never, ever, do anything to hurt you."<br>

>"Cotton, give me the gun." she held out her hand.<br>

>"Yeah, sure, take it." he handed it to her and she walked back over

to 'Debbie's body. He followed.<br>

>"Look, uh, we should probably talk about what happened here. You know, get our stories straight...." he was cut off as a hand shot out from below and grabbed Sidney's hand. He jumped back, surprised.<br>

>"Can someone get me out of here??" he relaxed as he heard Gale's voice and quickly moved over to help her.<br>

>"Gale! Give me your hand. Jesus, you scared the crap outta me. There isn't anyone else down there, is there?"<br>

>"No."<br>

>"Nothing like reporting from the trenches, huh Gale?" he said, trying to lighten the mood.<br>

>"Shut up Cotton."<br>

>"How bad is it?" he asked, noting the wound in her side.<br>

>"Just bounced off my rib."<br>

>He rolled his eyes and walked away. "Jesus, Gale, you got more lives than a cat!"<br>

>She turned toward Sidney. "give me one of those."<br>

>Sid handed her one of the guns that she had picked up while Gale and he were talking and they all looked at 'Debbie'.<br>

>"Is she dead?" Gale asked.<br>

>"I don't know. They always come back, ya know." Sidney replied. Not one second later, he heard a scream and ducked down as he saw Mickey stand. Sidney and Gale started shooting off all their bullets til Mickey was safely down again.<br>

>"Whoa!!" he yelled, standing back up. He watched as Sid shot one last time, this one at 'Debbie's head. He looked to her in confusion.<br>

>"Just in case..." she said, dropping the gun and walking away. He and Gale followed.<br>

>-----<br>Cotton watched as the reporters swarmed around Sidney. He smiled slightly, happy that she was alright. He turned and started to walk away, when he heard her mention his name. He froze in his tracks and turned around.

><br>"Talk to Cotton.....he's the man you want. He's the hero." she said.

><br>Cotton smiled as the reporters came over to him shooting questions at him. Cotton gazed at Sidney, happy for more reasons than one. He turned to the reporters.

><br>"No one wants to give you the story more than I do, but there is indeed a time, place...and a price, for everything." he said, pulling out a few of his cards, handing them to the reporters.

><br>"C'mon Cotton! Tell us something!" a reporter said.

><br>He chuckled, thinking about Gale. "well....I'll tell you one thing...it'll make a hell of a movie." he turned and walked away, listening to the reporters still call out his name. Finally. Thanks to Sid, he was gonna get what he always wanted. His 15 minutes.

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End

file.